

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND! 651,941 "WANTS" PRINTED LAST YEAR.

The Evening Edition

ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR MILLIONS! 104,473,650 WORDS PRINTED LAST YEAR.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.

LAST EDITION.

MAYOR GRANT AT HIS DESK.

HE GETS AROUND EARLY AND FINDS AN ENORMOUS MAIL.

Mr. Erhardt, the Defeated Republican Candidate, Calls Around and Tenders His Congratulations.—There Will Be No New Appointments To-Day.—Many Letters of Good Will Received by the New Mayor.

Mayor Grant made a good beginning of the new year by appearing at his office at 9.45 o'clock this morning.

Early as he was found that Chief Clerk Crain had preceded him, and was busily engaged in opening the new executive's voluminous mail, which, always large, was swelled with letters congratulating Mr. Grant upon his assumption of his office at the head of the municipality.

Among others who sent congratulatory greetings were Geo. Elbert, Charles Phillips, John F. Murray and F. O'Kane.

"Nothing of particular moment will be done by me to-day," Mayor Grant said. "I expect to make no appointments. I have made three appointments in the Executive department, and I don't consider it necessary at present to make any additional changes."

The clerks who have not been removed have only to do with the routine work of the office, their relations with the not partaking of that personal character which attaches to the position of chief clerk, confidential clerk or stenographer. I cannot say when I will make other changes in the department."

Tax Commissioner Edward L. Purss, Mayor Hewitt's last appointee, was quoted as having said yesterday, as he shook the new Mayor's hand, that he had not been in the position and that he had worked very hard to secure his election.

This story Mr. Purss denied this morning to an Evening World reporter.

He said that what he did say was that he was happy to congratulate Mayor Grant, although he had done all in his power to prevent his election.

Mayor Grant could not remember what language Commissioner Purss had used. He said that at the time he was thinking of nothing but his swollen and aching right arm, which he had been wrenched from his shoulder by the enthusiastic hand-shakers who had monopolized it for an hour.

The fact that Mayor Hewitt refused, at the last moment, to appoint his Chief Clerk, Arthur Perry, to the Tax Commission, after leading him to believe that he was to be given the position, is commented on pretty severely. Mayor Hewitt's plea that he could not appoint Perry because he is a Roman Catholic has confirmed the announcement that the ex-Mayor is a Know-Nothing of the bitter and extreme type.

Among the visitors of Mayor Grant this morning were Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, Senators Eugene S. Ives and Jacob C. C. Smith, and a host of others.

Mr. Erhardt, who was Mayor Grant's most formidable opponent in the election, had taken the first step toward his recovery from a severe illness to call upon the successful candidate and tender his congratulations in each.

ARTICLES FOR DUFEY AND ROSS.

Two Hours of Wrestling at the Howard Athenaeum Next Friday Afternoon.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BOSTON, Jan. 2.—The articles of agreement as finally signed by Duncan C. Ross and H. M. Duffey, for wrestling matches at the Howard Athenaeum next Friday afternoon, provide that the stakes shall be \$500 or \$250 a side; \$25 a side being posted as a preliminary deposit; and the balance of the \$225 a side to be put up at the same place with the final stakeholder twenty-four hours before the time set for the match.

AWARDED MISS CHENEY \$800.

A Jury Decides Vermont's Breach-of-Promise Suit in Favor of Plaintiff.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Jan. 2.—The jury in the Cheney-Caldwell breach-of-promise case retired at 3 o'clock Tuesday and agreed upon a verdict after seven hours' deliberation, but the decision was not announced until the opening of court at 9 o'clock this morning. The jury find that Dr. Caldwell did promise to marry Miss Emily Cheney, and find for her to recover \$800 and her costs. She sued for \$1,000.

JIMMY'LL CHEER HIM UP.

TIP IS NOT YET AT HOME IN HIS CENTRAL PARK QUARTERS.

The Other Elephants Bid Him Good Morning and Try to Make Him Comfortable.—He Finds Difficulty in Eating Baker's Bread.—Jennie, Who Came Here with Him, Returns to Philadelphia.

Tip, the new addition to the elephants in Central Park, woke up this morning and humped himself to get around in his new quarters in the menagerie building. But he couldn't get around because a good stout chain held him tightly to a post.

Then Tip looked wistfully across at his brother-keepers—Tom, Lizzie and Jimmie. They stood in a line poking out their trunks at him, and saying "Good morning" with a pure Asiatic elephant accent.

Last night when Tip arrived the other three got quite excited, and trumpeted in great style.

Tip's charming photograph.

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THE KILLING OF NEARY.

NOTHING YET LEARNED OF THE FATAL BULLET'S SOURCE.

Death Was On the Wing in the Midst of the New Year Racket, and This Man Was His Victim.—The Shot Must Have Come From Above.—It Was a Dead Body That They Carried to a Police Cell.

A peaceful citizen, a young man on the very threshold of life, was shot down and killed on Tenth avenue at 12.30 yesterday morning.

The Evening World printed an exclusive story of the affair.

The source of the fatal shot is still a mystery.

John Neary, twenty-two years old, a brick-layer out of work, who resided at 136 West Thirty-third street, is the victim.

His body lies to-day on a marble slab in the Morgue.

About 12.30 yesterday morning Neary walked down Tenth avenue and entered John McGary's saloon, on the southwest corner of Tenth avenue and Thirtieth street.

With him were James Burns and Eddie Shinnick, about his own age.

The trio entered the saloon and took a couple of rounds of drinks.

Presently Burns and Neary came out and seated themselves on the doorstep of the adjoining building.

The building is being fitted up as a restaurant. The three stories above are occupied by tenants.

The young men sat there a few minutes talking when Neary fell back with a groan, saying, "I feel sick."

Burns thought it was the effect of the liquor and propped him up against the door.

A young son of Mrs. Lizzie Barry, who occupied the rooms directly above the restaurant, passed in with a pitcher of beer.

The body of the supposed drunken man was in the way and he pushed it aside with his foot.

Neary uttered a groan, and Burns shook him. The body was limp. Burns was alarmed, and called Neary's brother William and Shinnick from the saloon.

From alcoholism, though Shinnick, who had been with him all day, couldn't understand this, as the young men had been very temperate.

Neary was secured and Neary taken to the Thirty-seventh street police station.

At the station he was put in a cell as an ordinary drunk.

The neighborhood of Neary received a shock, and struck Capt. Murphy as peculiar, and on examination it was found that a bullet had entered his shoulder and taken a course downward through his chest, penetrating the lungs.

It must have come from above.

The man was dead. He had probably died on the doorstep of Foxy's restaurant prior to being put in the cell.

An Evening World reporter who saw the dead man's son, Frank Mulholland, was told that the cause of the trouble in the family was a man who wanted other to drink and wanted to get his money.

This crony reeled at times to possess great influence over Mulholland, and at times he was a man who wanted other to drink and wanted to get his money.

The deceased, who was said to be worth \$200,000, was a man who wanted other to drink and wanted to get his money.

The dead man's body is in charge of John Livingston, his son-in-law, a plumber at 504 East Eighteenth street.

Mr. Mulholland did not call to see the remains, and it was said he had gone to Philadelphia. Mulholland was about fifty-five years of age, and was the father of five children.

The dead man had lately obtained a judgment of \$100,000 against the city for damages to his property, caused by putting a drain and sewer pipe above the level of his building.

BY ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE?

WHICH WAY DID JOHN MULHOLLAND MEET HIS DEATH?

The Story of an Unknown Man Who Had Much Influence Over the Contractor.—This Man Said to Have Caused Mulholland's Family Trouble.—The Deceased Had Beaten the City in a Heavy Suit.

Was it an accidental death or a suicide? This is the question which can be answered by no one connected with the Mansion House, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Third avenue, where John Mulholland, the wealthy Harlem contractor and builder, was found dead last evening.

According to the accounts, Mr. Mulholland had been separated from his wife for the past three months. He was not known as a heavy drinker previous to this time, but from the date of their separation he was on a continual spree, having no fixed place of residence, sleeping in the various hotels in the vicinity of Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

On New Year's Eve, at about five minutes before 12 o'clock, he entered the saloon owned by J. J. Ryan, at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-second street, under the hotel where his body was afterwards found.

He remarked to the bartender that he had been making a fool of himself and would go to bed, and immediately after he ascended the stairs to room 19, on the third floor of the building.

He did not go to bed, however, for when the chambermaid entered the room at 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Mulholland was sitting in a chair at the end of the room; his head was buried in his arms, and he seemed to be in great mental agony.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the servant passed by his room again, the door was open and he was lying on the bed partially undressed.

The servant noticed at the time a strong smell in the apartment, but she paid no particular attention to it, and went about her other duties.

Two hours later she had occasion to go by his room again, and noticing that the door was closed, thought that Mulholland had dressed and gone out, opened the door and found him sitting upright in bed.

The smell of gas was unbearable by this time, and as the man looked queer she immediately notified the clerk, who, rushing into the room, shook him, only to discover that he was dead.

As Mulholland had been in a maudlin condition and the screw of the gas jet was very difficult to turn, it was thought that the man was suffering from gas.

When the gas had not turned it off to a full stop.

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The Day in Wall Street.

This Investors' Day in Wall street and at the various offices and banks where interest and dividends are payable the clerks were kept busy counting, dipping and filing the tall numbers of this month will not fall far short of \$80,000,000, and as this money will have to be reinvested, Wall street expects to "catch on" later in the month.

Mr. Mulholland, however, does not start out as conspicuously for the bulls. Atchison broke 3/8 points on reports that the directors at the Chicago and North Western had agreed to divide the dividend, and that the company will have a hard time to take care of its floating debt.

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A CRIMSON RECORD.

The New Year Opens with a Grist of Bloody Affrays.

Cutting, Slashing and Shooting in This Morning's Early Hours.

A Prospect of Plenty of Work for the Electric Executioner.

The New Year's criminal record has opened with an assortment of cuttings, slashings and shootings which, if followed by any approximate number of fatal results, will keep the electric executioners busy after their work begins.

Andrew Metz was a victim early this morning to the keen edge of James Howell's razor. His head was badly cut and he was taken off to Bellevue Hospital for treatment, while Howell was put under arrest.

Metz is twenty-seven years old, and lives at 840 Eighth avenue. Howell was a nurse on Rago's Island. The affray occurred at Forty-sixth street and First avenue.

A pistol was the weapon used by Pasquale Maolao, an Italian, in settling a row with Eugene Boyle, an Irishman, of unknown residence.

The Italian comes from New London, Conn. Boyle was shot in the abdomen, and at St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was immediately taken, he was said to be in a dying condition. He was thirty years old.

The fight occurred in front of 1 Varick place at about 2 o'clock a. m. Pasquale's age is thirty-four.

An hour earlier, in a fight in James street, two Italians seriously wounded each other.

Antonio Dondola, aged thirty-six, of 88 James street, and Nicholas Hanco, aged thirty-two, of 16 Roosevelt street, the wound being in Backus' head.

The bleeding Backus had a razor handy, and he retaliated by cutting Dondola severely in the arm.

Both men were taken to the Chambers Street Hospital.

More shooting was done at 24 Bleecker street, the residence of Pietro Stania, almost simultaneously with the James street affair.

Stania had a fight with Robert Taylor, a colored man, and when the muss was over the Italian carried in his left leg a bullet from the negro's pistol.

An ambulance was called and the surgeon looked after Stania's injuries.

Meanwhile, Taylor made his escape and a general alarm was sent out for him by the police.

BLOOD ON SIXTH AVENUE.

Broken Heads and Bruised Faces in Abundance.

The sidewalks and pavements of Sixth avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third streets, this morning present an appearance very similar to the floors and drains of a slaughter-house.

Pools of blood, resulting from fights and brawls caused by argumentative whiskey and bad beer, mark the spots where heads came in contact with bottles backed by strong arms and stronger passions.

On that part of the avenue referred to above no less than eight patches of gore more than a foot square in size were seen by an Evening World reporter this morning between 8 and 9 o'clock.

All along the streets were blood-spotted trails showing where some poor wretch had manfully pursued his way homeward with a nose the worse for wear or a glass-cut hand.

Two men who met with "accidents" in this locality were removed to the New York Hospital, where their wounds were dressed.

A story of these two probably presents a very accurate general history of whatever other "accidents" occurred.

A New Year's Day celebrated in rum and spent in the society of women of no character whatever.

Andrew Lesgar, a hatter, whose place of business is at 1249 Broadway and whose home is at 690 Sixth avenue, had the gorgeous fun of first having his head cut open in front of Clark's dive on Sixth avenue and then having the wounds sewed up at the hospital.

Mr. Lesgar was discovered this morning lying in bed in a room of one of the uptown hotels. His head was badly swollen and cut, but well bandaged.

"Not feeling very well, thank you, I suppose you've been there yourself and know how it is," was his greeting to the reporter.

head, and I don't suppose the insurance company will pay anything on my accident policy.

At this point Mr. Lesgar looked pretty sick and seemed tired of talking, but the reporter asked him if he knew anything of other rows which occurred at Clark's place last night.

"There were four of them while I was there," was the response.

"What caused them?" was asked.

"Too much wine and disputes about women," that young fellow Frank Raymond, who is briefly mentioned in the morning papers, was I think hit by a friend of one of the women. The girl got rather muddled on Raymond, and her friend didn't like it, so he brought his cane down on the young fellow's head.

"He was taken to the New York Hospital by a couple of the girls, and only left there about five minutes after I did."

Mr. Lesgar here gaped weirdly and seemed to pine for quiet so greatly that the reporter withdrew.

At the Coleman House it was learned that Mr. Raymond was not in, so the afterthoughts of that young man could not be obtained.

Clark Brothers' eating-house, spoken of by Lesgar, as well known midnight resort for "fast" women and tough men.

Here these people congregated nightly after the dance halls are closed and obtain something to eat and more to drink. Liquor is sold there nightly after 1 a. m.

Drunk men and women are always to be found there, and the rows of New Year's night are only slight exaggerations of what occur there every night in the week.

WHO KILLED MICHAEL CROWE?

The Dying Man Said "Hans," and There Is a Mystery Here.

Although James Crowe, brother-in-law of Michael Crowe, the young plasterer who was fatally stabbed at Forty-eighth street and First avenue, fifteen minutes after the New Year began, was arrested and openly charged with the murder, there seems to be yet considerable doubt as to the identity of the murderer.

The young widow of the dead man says that when she asked Michael, just before he died, who had stabbed him, he said, "Hans."

This is interpreted as referring to one Henry Vogelzang, a nineteen-year-old German, who is known by the nickname of Hans.

For this person the police began to look as soon as the wife's statement was heard, but he had disappeared.

So great was the confusion about the scene of the affray that the police have found it extremely difficult to get connected stories of the trouble or to find exactly who were present.

It is certain, however, that James and Michael Crowe had some trouble and that the latter had uttered some threats, on leaving his house, as to what he would do if James troubled him again.

SUICIDE IN HIS CELL.

James McTague Hangs Himself in Raymond Street Jail.

James McTague, a prisoner in the Raymond Street Jail, committed suicide some time between 3 and 5 o'clock this morning by hanging himself from the bars of his cell door.

When the orderly made his tour at 3 o'clock McTague was soundly sleeping. Two hours later he was found hanging by his neck dead.

He had used a small piece of rope and a handkerchief to make a noose. His toes were tucked under the bars of the cell.

McTague was committed to jail last Monday to await trial on a charge of grand larceny in the stealing of a set of harness from Henry Hamilton.

JENNIE HENAUPT WANTED TO DIE.

Deserted by Her Lover, a Brooklyn Girl Takes a Dose of Paris Green.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] MONTREAL, Jan. 2.—Jennie Henault, daughter of wealthy parents in Brooklyn, who eloped with a dry-goods clerk two weeks ago, attempted to commit suicide last night by taking Paris green.

After spending the money which she obtained by pawning her mother's jewelry, the young man deserted her, and she sought to drown her grief in dissipation.

A doctor relieved her sufferings and she is now doing well.

LAST EDITION.

WHITE AVENGERS.

Brutal Murder of Four of the Wabakal Negroes.

Three Bands Who Have Never Given Up the Search.

George Maury Said to Have Escaped to the North.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] COLUMBIUS, Miss., Jan. 2.—Reports received here state that four of the negroes implicated in the Wabakal affray have been killed by the white avengers, headed by William Hare.

Last Sunday the vigilants sent into Shunakal for supplies, and it was learned that the man-hunters had murdered four negroes—Wile Cheatham, Anthony Wilder, Zack Maury and Stiles Stennis.

Zack Maury was shot while the white men were talking to him in his cotton gin, and while he was protesting that he knew nothing about his brother's whereabouts. Cheatham was shot in the yard lack of his house. He begged for his life.

Wilder, a Union soldier, who was with Grant at Vicksburg, was shot by the desperadoes on the road as he was going with a load of cotton seed to Wabakal. The men shot him and buried his body, as they had the two others, by digging shallow holes and putting stones upon the dirt after the corpse was covered.

Saturday they caught Stiles Stennis, who had been hiding in an abandoned engine-house for nearly two weeks. Stennis tried to defend himself with an axe and was shot three times before he fell.

His daughter told the hunters that George Maury had escaped from the country, and that Walter Crowe, the other leader of the negroes, had been with her father three days before and had left to go with a negro in the county and borrowed enough money to take him North.

A BRIGAND IN THE TOLLS.

Tom Gorman Robbed at the Pistol Point and Shot at a Policeman.

A short young man, pale and determined looking, was taken into the Jefferson Market Court this morning safely handcuffed and closely escorted by Central Office detectives. He was Thomas Gorman, accused of robbing two women at the point of a pistol in West Twenty-sixth street last night and afterwards attempting to shoot Patrolman Lavin, of Capt. Grant's squad.

Mr. Eliza Beckford, of No. 248 West Twenty-sixth street, told Judge Duffy that at 9.30 p. m., as she was returning from shopping, Gorman pushed her against the railings and said, "Give me your pocketbook, old lady."

She gave him a revolver in her hand. She screamed for aid, but kept tight hold of her pocketbook.

Just at the moment Officer Lavin, who had seen Gorman stop another woman, gave chase, and after a fierce struggle captured the highwayman.

Gorman, who is only eighteen years old, is known at Police Headquarters as a crook who has done bold work in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and other cities. Only three weeks ago he broke into Peter McElhenny's store at 406 Tenth avenue, escaping with a big stock of cigars. Several tin robberies in this city are charged against him.

Gorman was held for trial, and was taken to Headquarters to have his picture taken for the Rogues' Gallery.

MACKAY HEARD FROM.

A Telegram to Alleviate the Fears of the Comedian's Friends.